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MAY

1911

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THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1911

NO. 8

A Summer on a Chaingang.

Fresh from school life, the writer with another young man whom we call Clyde, started to spend a vacation surveying in the mountains of Idaho. The rest of the crew were to meet us at a little town near our work.

First I will introduce the others. Harvey D. Crumley, the U. S. Deputy surveyor, Perry, head chainman, and Alfred, axman. Clyde was cook, and I was to be front chainman.

We met on the appointed day, which was Decoration Day, but to our own chagrin we found that our baggage had been delayed. There was nothing to do but wait until it came, so we set about to enjoy ourselves. Beside eating our meals and going to the train each day, we played duck on the rock, visited the mines, climbed hills and, in fact, just let time go by.

On the second of June we were ready, the trunks having arrived, to go to our work. We hired a man to move us out there and by 2 p. m. we had made our twenty-five mile trip and were in T 3 N, R 21 E.

We found an ideal camping place and spent the rest

of the day making camp. Muldoon Creek was a beautiful clear stream, and the cotton-woods, willows and quaking aspens made the best of shade and shelter from the wind. We put up a canvas to shelter our provisions and also a tent to sleep in. For a table we borrowed our neighbor Powell's cellar door and he loaned us stools. He would have loaned us anything he had, even a piano if he had had one.

Have you ever attempted to learn to sleep in a sleeping bag? If you haven't you can hardly appreciate the process. The difficulty of getting into one is a puzzler, and once inside the impulse to free oneself by force is almost irresistible. One must lay straight and can not turn over easily. We soon grew accustomed to that however, and could rest on the hard ground perfectly.

Within a very short time we were settled to good steady work, and got used to walking ten or fifteen miles every day over hills—mountains rather—in a very short time. The fact is that the hardest walks came at the first of the job, for the township line must be run clear around before the section lines are run. Thus we had to work from the same camp around the township.

Excepting along the creeks there were no trees, and the hills were bare. Sagebrush grew where there was not too much shale rock but there was an abundance of that, in fact mountains of it. We could make good time where there was no brush to cut, and could easily chain three miles a day. At the end of the season we could make four miles, and a few times did five in a day.

We left camp in the morning at seven o'clock, to be gone until six in the evening. The part of the work that we dreaded most was getting to our starting place.

Alfred, who was sixty-four years old, would say, "You can just go as fast as you please. I am going to take my time for it." He always got there and could stand the work very well, too.

Surveying is not all hard, up hill work, though there is enough of that. We had a whole lot of fun. Everyone of us were boys when it was time to play. Often when it was time to quit work and go to camp Perry and I would go on the run and always was it so when it was down hill. When within a half mile of camp we always yelled and were greeted by an answer from the cook. There was no one to disturb so we developed good strong voices.

The evenings were the times when we had most of our fun. We carried wood and built big bonfires, and then talked and sang until they burned low. Alfred could tell very interesting experiences, Perry was always ready with his wit and Harvey could joke, sermonize, or be quiet as the occasion demanded, Clyde and I kept the ball rolling. There was a rancher near who nearly always visited us and he could tell stories in his droll yankee way, so that we never tired of his humor.

A bunch of people such as we were always has at least one standing joke. We had several but one was about the rats and mice bothering us at night and also bothering our provisions. One night H. D. C. waked us with a war whoop, "Get out of hwar!" A mouse had tickled his nose. We armed ourselves with clubs, rocks and even pistols for self protection.

After nine weeks in T 3 N, R 21 E we were ready to move to our next job which was T 18 N, R 21 E. To get there we had to drive about 180 miles in a wagon. It wasn't all sage brush plain, either, for we went over

a pass that the settlers said we could never get over. Five men with a trusty team can go most anywhere with a wagon. The trip took up seven days, and was slightly monotonous at times. Of course we had fun shooting at coyotes and rabbits, but other ways it was a dusty, hot trip. The 6th day at noon we got to Challis which is on the Salmon river and from there enjoyed the best of scenery. By the way we were seedy after nine weeks from town and felt so, and we were glad when we left Challis for the friendly vast waste of hills, rock and sagebrush.

The stage road north from Challis is along the Salmon river all the way and is full of surprises. Much of the way it is a single track builded up of rock in the slides at the edge of the river. The best part of the trip was through Kronks Canyon. This canyon must be ten miles long, and is walled on either side with walls a thousand feet high. Occasionally the wall becomes a slide of boulders extending right to the river. The water is very clear, and swift. The fish can be seen easily. For the best of scenery, go to the Salmon river in Central Idaho.

The work was very similiar in this township to that in the first, excepting that the hills were higher and smoother. We were glad to find less rock for our shoes were cut to pieces pretty fast by rock.

Also the place abounded with rattle snakes, and we heard the thrilling whiz before we had been there twenty-four hours. We managed to kill thirty-five while we were there and had a good deal of fun with them. On account of it being between 6000 and 7000 feet elevation they were not very large and were all of the yellow variety.

During the whole summer we were blessed with an

abundance of fresh meat. It consisted of grouse, sage chickens and trout. The birds were very innocent, that is they were not afraid of us, and we could kill them with stones, as often as we wanted to. They were quite as easy to kill that way as with guns. When I would tire of shooting at them with the automatic pistol I would resort to rocks and generally was more successful. Clyde and Alfred were the fishermen and kept us supplied with trout and white fish. If you want plenty of chicken and the best of fish along with every other edible except fresh fruit, go with a government surveying crew.

By the last of September it was time to get back to school, and so I returned by a round about way leaving the rest to do two weeks more work. I made the trip from Challis to Mackay with six other men in a stage which already had an excess of baggage. It was a slow trip and tiresome. The other travelers were a jolly bunch however. There were three drummers and three Salt Lake sportsmen besides myself and the driver.

Such an occupation is very pleasant and is enough like hard work to put one into the best of condition to play football when he returns to college. There is no kind of vacation so desirable for the college man.

Claude A. Lewis '12



Helen's Choice.

"But, my dear, it cannot be, you can see for yourself. Think of your family; your father and I have made every effort that you and your sister should have a thorough education. The Olivers have always been proud of their intellectual ability; you know the records

of their high standing in school. We are disappointed that you do not appreciate these advantages. Can you not see how impossible this James Arnold is? His people are not members of our church, his father is even an infidel and is reputed to be dishonest in his business. He has never gone to college. Indeed, I doubt if he even knows Greek from Latin! It grieves us more than I can say, Helen, that you should want to marry such a man."

The speaker was a middle-aged woman, refined in appearance, but somewhat severe. She addressed an attractive girl of some twenty summers. The girlish eyes were rebellious now and tears were very near the surface. "I didn't say that I wanted to marry Jim. But he is one of the nicest boys I ever knew, and anyway, he can't help what people say about his father."

The daughter had, just a few days before, come from college to the little mountain village where her people were now making their home, and where the summer before she had formed a very warm friendship with the young James Arnold. He was one of a large and happy family in very comfortable circumstances. It was true he had never "gone to college," but he did have the true refinement and courtesy which can be gained only in a home where love and kindness rule, where father and mother are young with the children.

Jim was a handsome youth and just as manly as he was handsome. His buoyancy, his unaffected manner, and his evident fondness had quite won the heart of Miss Helen, during the summer which she had spent with friends in this mountain village. A correspondence had followed, which—well, no, her parents did not know of it, but she was away in school and her father was always busy with his studies and her mother with

the household.

When Mr. Oliver decided to remove to this village that he might have rest and quiet in which to write, Helen was naturally delighted. Now her people could meet Jim and she would have another happy summer. But alas,—before she had come home, Dame Rumor, in the person of one of the leading members of their church, had poured into her mother's ears all the gossip concerning the Arnolds.

When Helen had permitted Jim to call she was very much surprised and chagrined that her people treated him so coldly. Immediately after he had gone her mother forbade her seeing him again. She pleaded his cause in vain as we find at the beginning of the story; her mother was firm.

But Helen was as determined as her mother. She could see the injustice done her friend and at the same time the uselessness of arguing with her mother when she even refused to know Jim. Consequently clandestine meetings followed.

But Helen was fond of her parents, she hated to deceive them, she hated to disappoint them. Later in the summer when Jim told her of his love and begged for her promise she was very unhappy. She truly cared for him so much more than any other, yet she could never marry him without her parents' consent.

At last she decided to put his love to a test. Her parents really didn't have any personal objections to Jim only his lack of education, it was his people. When he came for her answer she said if he would leave his family, if he would get a business education, if he would prove himself a success, she would wait for him. "But Helen," he cried in amazement, "Don't you see how unfair it is? My family is just as dear to me as

yours is to you. I should like to go to school, I realize your advantage there. But school isn't all of life. My father isn't strong, my brothers have their own business, there would be no one to run the ranch. No, Helen, you must not ask that. My people love you, I love you, I would make you happy. I will wait for your parents' consent."

"It's no use, Jim, mother was probably right after all. People cannot marry outside their family traditions." And Helen went away, but it was with an aching heart. Perhaps she would marry some day—yes, a Greek professor or a man of scientific mind—and she would not be unhappy. Yet she would always carry in her heart the memory of the one man who had taught her real love.

Florence Rees, '12



The New Politician.

We have for some time been ridiculed by other nations, because of the character of the men whom we have allowed to handle our politics, that is those men who dominate and control the parties, and party conventions, not the men who are elected for they usually have some strong points which the "boss" was shrewd enough to see would be agreeable to the people. It is on these strong points that he bases his claim for office plus the fact that he has always been a good party man. His policy is outlined for him, and his deepest concern is to strengthen the condition of his party and appoint his colleagues to office.

We are now working toward a remedy for this evil. Are we going to find the new type as an independent

politician, or will the old parties be flexible enough to meet the changing conditions?

At the present time two men are before us, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, incidently both have been mentioned as possible nominees for the presidency. They are educated men and both have made a success thus far and have shown administrative ability, Roosevelt as a governor of New York, later as President, Wilson as president of Princeton and later as governor of New Jersey. We admire them for their independent stand which at times seems almost to free them from party politics. It is in these men and others like them that we see signs of the new element coming forth in the political field.

The new politician is and will be an educated man, a man who has the past history of all peoples as his guide and yet one who is looking forward and upward, not hesitating to break away from tradition when new problems demand different solutions. In his having a high ideal to which he is constantly working, furnishes a pretext, for men in the field who call themselves practical politicians, to term him a flighty, idealistic impractical reformer. As we see him he combines the idealistic and the practical. As an illustration note the two men mentioned above, who in their addresses throughout the country deal with problems of labor, finance, state craft, education before audiences composed of laborers, bankers, statesmen and educators, all of whom seem to have a wholesome respect for and wish to become familiar with their views on these and various other subjects of current importance.

Perhaps the greatest qualities in the new politician will be patience combined with a willingness to serve, never for one moment forgetting that he is the people's

representative and the means through which they secure good government. That he should have an independent mind and an ideal for which he is striving we firmly believe, but he must be patient, willing to wait, getting ahead not too quickly, testing his policy as he goes along. It is with this ideal in mind that progress will be made, for being a true leader he will be in advance of the public and will strive to educate and enlighten them, bringing them to his ideal for which he has been faithfully working. For the present ideas and opinions of the people he will have respect, keeping in mind the fact that he holds his position of trust as a gift of the people, and that through it he finds his way to serve humanity.

G. Lloyd Armstrong '12



The Fir Tree.

The fir is the most common tree of Oregon. Nor is any tree more typical of the spirit of the West and of those sturdy pioneers who wrested an empire from the untamed wilds. The laurel has a certain grace suggestive of the cultured and superficial Greek, but the fir, standing alone in its rugged strength like a huge sentinel, its gnarled and twisted limbs outlined in bold relief against the clear sky, its eternal green shaded with just enough of somber darkness to hint of the lurking sternness in the peace of nature is emblematic of the noble grandeur of the vanished redman.

And not in striking beauty alone is the fir distinctive, for nature has fashioned this tree as a lyre of countless strings through which the winds may loiter and whisper her varying moods to the soul of man. Dull

blasts sweep down from the North laden with the ominous rumblings of the marshalling of wild hordes, stirring man's heart with the lust of battle. From the East comes the voice of a wizard telling of hopes sown to the winds and a reaping of mystery and death and the heart of man is heavy with the sorrow of the ages. Or from the West come soothing breezes with a promise of happy islands and of rest for toil-broken hearts and once again Hope is enthroned in the human breast. And from the South soft sensuous winds with a lure of love and romance come sighing through the firs, stirring their boughs with a gentle caress and filling the heart of man with a nameless longing and unrest.

What wonder that we love these trees while living? And when the drama of life draws to a close in this garden of the West what is more fitting as a last tribute than to mingle some fir with the roses? And if by chance some wayward mortal has missed life's heritage to be happy, lay him, when his troubled heart has ceased to beat where the crooning firs may lull his fretful soul to rest.

Chris Smith '12



How They Won It.

Here it was only two days before the championship game and Rodney, the big center, was sick. The coach came up to his room and after looking him over settled the matter that he could not play. Of course they could play Nicholas (Nick for short) but Rodney knew what this meant.

Nick was sub, center, a big husky fellow whom everybody recognized as the strongest fellow in school,

yet the taunts of the other players or threats of the coach could not make him move out of his slow easy going half lazy gait. * * *

It was nearly time for the game; Rodney weakly made his way into the gymnasium and took a seat near the center of the grandstand. A college sweater, college cap, big pennant, and a girl came over to ask how he was feeling; just then the whistle blew and the girl sat down at Rodney's side.

The first half passed, and in spite of the work of the forwards and guards the game was going against them; it was all Nick's fault. The teams came on the floor for the second half and again the score was going against them. When Nick glanced over the crowd and his eyes fell on Rodney, a girl with college sweater and college cap, was clutching his arm and wildly waving a big pennant, and Nick thought he heard his name called. He was aroused from this spell by the referee's whistle which announced that his man had added two more to the opponents' score. Whatever may have been the thoughts that passed through Nick's head when he saw Rodney and the one girl, together, the results were certainly suggestive. Nick played with a power and speed next to savageness, and slowly the score was catching up. * * *

That evening when the players were receiving congratulations of their friends, Nick reluctantly confessed to a certain girl at his side and Rodney. "Well, that's all right, old man," said Rodney as he slapped him on the shoulder, "we won anyhow."

Victor E. Rees '12.

THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the college year by Student Body

CHRIS SMITH, '12, Editor-in-Chief.

ROSS A. NEWBY, '12, Exchanges.

BERNICE BENSON '14

CLIFFORD HADLEY Acad. } Locals.

OLIN C. HADLEY, '14, Business Manager.

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This issue of the Crescent is the Junior number. Nothing elaborate has been attempted and it differs in no way from the regular issue except that it is the work of members of the Junior class.



A student may spend four years at college in faithful study and yet at the end of that time fail to be in any sense a college-bred man. Four years of study in a college building does not make a college man any more than four years of study in an office or at home. Besides a chance for good hard study a college offers certain advantages that are to be found no where else. These are the daily associations and student activities that go to make up the sum total of college life. Some of them are in the form of obligations or duties that a

student owes to his college and if he ignores them or tries to evade the responsibilities that their performance will entail he is himself the loser. It is in the discharge of these duties that are not prescribed by the curriculum that a student acquires that true courtesy and regard for the feelings of others that characterize a college-bred man. It is the sincere fellow-feeling that these activities engender that constitute the true college spirit—that humanizing influence that makes it possible for the college man to extend a friendly hand to the lowest of his fellow-mortals, not with patronizing aloofness and hypocrisy but with the sincere regard of a brother. Let us not be content merely to study in a college building. Let us strive for that real college spirit that will make us truly college-bred.



News of the College.

Rev. Arthur Dann of England, addressed the students in chapel the first two days of this term.

Laura Hammer is in school again this term and will be one of the graduates this spring.

The Associated Student Body held its annual election March 29. The following officers were elected: President, Claude Lewis; Vice President, Olin Hadley; Secretary, Florence Kaufman; Treasurer, Florence Rees; Editor Crescent, Chris Smith; Assistant Editor, Nell Reuter; Business Manager, Olin Hadley; Assistant, Leo Kyes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Haworth visited chapel and classes April 10th.

Lola Rishel has entered school this term.

Mr. Marion, a missionary just returned from China, spoke in chapel May 4th and gave a very good description of life in China.

Mrs. Hodgkin (in Latin class): Alta, Why did Cæsar cross the Rhine?

Alta: Because he wanted on the other side.

On account of rain there was no holiday for May day festivities this year.

Mr. Swarts, national secretary of the Student Volunteers, spoke in chapel May 8, and also gave two other talks during the day.

Prof. and Mrs. Johnson went to Portland May 6 to meet a sister-in-law from the East.

Rev. Lyons led Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, May 11.

Jesse Hammer spent May 10th visiting with his sister at college.

Laura Hammer and Florence Rees are taking their meals at the dormitory.

Mrs. Hodgkin: Give an example of a conditional sentence.

Arthur: If I were not here I would feel better.

Rev. Weaver addressed the students in chapel May 17th on the life of Gen. Grant.

Paul Lewis has not been in school lately on account of poor health.

Rev. Reuter spoke at Y. M. C. A. May 18th.

Paul Lewis entertained the third year academy class at his home near Springbrook, Friday evening, March 24th.

Chris Smith (in psychology). The danger of getting married late in life is that you are not likely to get married at all."

Melvin Elliott had a surgical operation performed Saturday, March 25th, and missed quite a bit of school while recovering.

Miss Jean Donovan visited with Elma Paulsen from Saturday evening, March 25th, until Monday morning, March 27th.

Olin and Clifford Hadley, accompanied by Leo Kyes and Albert Pearson, went to their home near Turner, on Friday evening, April 21st and returned Monday evening. Leo reports some tire trouble, otherwise they had an enjoyable time.

Prof. Reagan has accepted the chair of philosophy in Friends University and will do some work in the summer school at the University of Chicago.

Miss Goodwin, a Y. W. C. A. worker of Portland, visited Miss Beck over Saturday night.

Miss Beck visited with some friends from Ohio, in Portland on Sunday, March 19th.

Charles E. Tebbetts, secretary of the American Friends Board of Foreign Missions, was at chapel Monday, April 3, and gave an interesting talk.

The Tennis Association is thoroughly organized, two courts are completed and tennis is now the game of the season.

Nell Reuter and Leo Kyes have resigned their positions on the Crescent staff to which they were recently elected.

Mrs. Kydd of Portland, the first Y. W. C. A. secretary to China, spent the day at Pacific College Thursday, May 18th. She led the association meeting in the morning, spoke to the girls at a picnic dinner held in one of the class rooms, and addressed the mission study class at 3:10. Her talks were enjoyed by all.

Exchanges.

The Daedalian, Denton, Texas and *The Sotoyoman*, Healdsburg, California, are our newest exchanges. We are very glad to welcome them in and hope that we will see them often. Both are very neat and well arranged papers.

The Comet, Austin, Texas. Your cover design for April is very appropriate and attractive. We like your paper as a whole. The different departments are well-balanced.

Eugene High School News, Eugene, Oregon, is one of our best exchanges. Your paper shows your talent.

Cardinal, Portland, Oregon. Your cover designs are excellent but a few more cuts would help the appearance of your paper.

The School Mirror, Wilbur, Washington though small is a very interesting paper.

The Earhamite, Richmond, Indiana

Gates Index, Neligh, Nebraska

O. A. C. Barometer, Corvallis, Oregon

Cardinal, Portland, Oregon

The Clarian, Salem, Oregon

The Kodak, Everett, Washington

The Acropolis, Whittier, California

The Weekly Index, Forest Grove, Oregon

The Penn Chronicle, Oskaloosa, Iowa

The School Mirror, Wilbur, Washington

The Toka, Grants Pass, Oregon

Eugene High School News, Eugene, Oregon

The Comet, Austin, Texas

The Franklin Academy Mirror, Franklin, Nebraska

The Collegian, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, California

The Nautilus, Washington, Illinois

Wheat, Ritzville, Washington

Oregon Teachers' Monthly, Salem, Oregon

The Review, McMinnville, Oregon

M. H. Aerolith, Plymouth, Wisconsin

The Crimson and Gray, The Dalles, Oregon

The Westonian, Westtown, Pennsylvania

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"A Tale of Two Cities"

The most important dramatic motion picture film that has ever been issued by any company in America or Europe is "A Tale of Two Cities," just lately produced by the Vitagraph Company of America. This film drama is adapted from the novel of Charles Dickens and has been produced with a special cast of players and a wealth of scenic display beyond even the previous famous works of this company. It will be shown at the

Star Theatre June 2 and 3